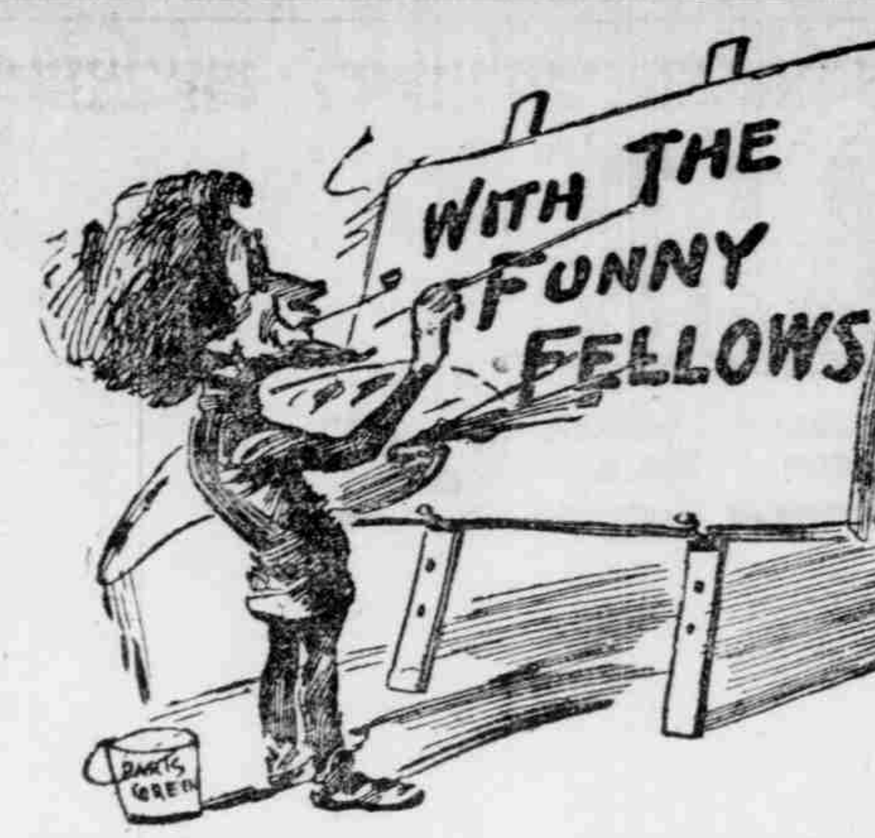


The Buttermilk Cow.

Grandma had taken little Roger to the country for a visit over night. After all the wonderful visits to the barnyard and pig sty, milking time came. Roger, cup in hand, went to see the cows milked.

When he was drinking his cup of milk he looked at all the cows and then asked:

"Grandma, which cow is the buttermilk cow?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why the Case Was Hopeless.

The dog greeted the customer with an ear-splitting bark of defiance, and kept up the disturbing racket until finally the tobacconist's wife came to the front of the store and mildly asked her husband if he could not somehow manage to quiet the excited canine.

"No," blandly replied the philosophic man, "it is utterly impossible; you know it is a female dog."—N. Y. Times.

Great Head for Business.

Sister—Oh, Bob, that Dr. Scrimp is a mean little fellow.

Brother—What's up with him?

Sister—You know he attended me when I was ill. Well, he began to call regularly after that for another reason—till at last he proposed and I rejected him. And now he has charged all those love-sick calls as professional visits.—Tit-Bits.

Charley's Weather Observation.

It was thundering very loud one day when little Charlie Horner, aged four years, said:

"Mamma, God must be scrubbing today."

"What makes you think so, Charlie?" asked his mother.

"Why," said Charlie, "don't you hear Him moving the tables around?"—Ethel Horner, in Little Chronicle.

The Boy Guessed Right.

"Do as I tell you," Tommy's mamma cried. "It's about time you realized the futility of struggling against the inevitable. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes'm," replied Tommy, "it means there's no use o' your washin' my hands an' face 'cause they'll only get dirty again."—Philadelphia Press.

Progressive Euchre.

Sybil—Is that Harry Scribbler's writing, Kitty?

Kitty—Yes. I'm engaged to him, you know.

Sybil—Of course. I was engaged to him last summer.

Kitty—The dear boy! I wonder who he'll eventually marry?—Pearson's Weekly.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

The Pug—Great Scott! He takes me for his honeysuckle!—The King.

The Honeymoon.

In sweet content they drift upon the stream
As round about the moonlight softly plays.
To each fond heart the calm surroundings seem
Like symbols of the evening of their days.
—Brooklyn Life.

Counting Them.

"Mr. Woodby Witte says that there are only eight jokes in the world."

"I should never have suspected from his efforts to amuse," answered Miss Cayenne, languidly, "that he had found so many."—Washington Star.

Hard Luck.

Hewitt—It's sad about Gruet losing his leg in that railroad accident.

Jewett—Yes; it must be a great disappointment to him; he was always talking about "getting there with both feet."—Brooklyn Life.

Seat of the Trouble.

"I'm entirely worn-out, doctor," said the barber, who had called at the office of the physician.

"Let me see your tongue," said the doctor, who never shaved himself.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Kind Hubby Wanted.

She—I want a new cover for Bella's piano; can you suggest anything, dear?

He—Yes; can't you find one which is hermetically sealed?—Yonkers Statesman.

What's in a Name?

Hewitt—There's nothing in a name.

Jewett—I agree with you. I know a fellow who named his goat "Oleomargarine," and yet the goat has turned out to be a good butter.—N. Y. Times.

Worse Than That.

Tommy—Willie hit me (crying).

Grandma—Did he hit you on purpose?

Tommy—No'm; on the head.—N. Y. Journal.

Always in Trouble.

Nan—What is she worrying about now?

Fan—Because she can't think of anything to worry about—Somerville Journal.

Those Learned Graduation Essays.

"Each spring when I listen to the learned graduation essays of a class of wealthy men's sons at a college commencement I feel that I won't be able to hold my job two weeks after those smart youths get out hustling for their daily bread in competition with me," mused the gloomy-eyed middle-aged man in the back seat. "But on my way home, as I learn that the trolley-car conductor is a college graduate, and that the clerk at the corner cigar store is another, I begin to chirp up a bit, and in a day or two I get over my dismal forebodings!"—Puck.

Cruel.

"How long," asked the youth, "ought a young man to be acquainted with a girl, Miss Flyppe, before he may venture to call her by her first name?"

"How long have you known me?" she asked in turn.

"About six months."

"Well, if he's the right young man that's a long enough time."

"Then, Susie—"

"But you're not the right young man, Mr. Spoonamore."—Chicago Tribune.

Self-Centered.

Now doth the youthful graduate
Require a larger hat.
He thinks that his diploma makes
Of him a diplomat.
—Philadelphia Press.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

Mr. Bargain Hunter—Say, this pillow gives me a pain. It's as hard as a rock.

Mrs. Bargain Hunter — That's strange! It was marked down.—Philadelphia Press.

Must Touch It.

Most boys have superstitious minds,
And yet, we're oft percelvin',
"Don't Touch," "Fresh Paint," "Hands Off." one finds
Are signs they don't believe in.
—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Like the Substitute.

Mrs. Hoyle—My husband is never satisfied.

Mrs. Doyle—Neither is mine; he has always kicked because he couldn't find his collar button, and now he has a wart on the back of his neck, but he isn't satisfied with that.—N. Y. Times.

Good Book to Own.

Agent—Here, sir, is a book that should be in every family. It contains a receipt for everything, sir—everything.

Cholly—Give me three copies. If it has a receipt for my tailor's bill I'll take five.—Tit-Bits.

Dealing in Futures.

Bess—Is it true that young Simkins offered himself to you last night?

Nell—He did.

Bess—And did you accept him?

Nell—Well, not exactly—but I have an option on him for ten days.—Chicago Daily News.

What Johnny Thought.

"What does Gabriel Grubb mean, auntie?"

"Gabriel Grubb is a character in one of Dickens' Christmas Stories."

"O, I thought maybe it was another name fer angel food cake."—Chicago American.

THE LATEST THING OUT.

Mr. Fish—Begobs, this is the first toime ivver I see a mermaid wid two tails.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Out of the Hurly Burly.

We'd be more contented, perhaps,
Know less of Defeat's painful throbs,
If we would quit looking for snaps,
And stick to our regular jobs.
—Puck.

The Woman of It.

He—Miss Elderly has such a sad face.

She—Well, a face like hers is enough to make anyone sad.—Chicago Daily News.

Something Doing.

"Helen, I haven't heard Brother Johnny for an hour. Go and tell him to stop at once."—Life.

SUMMER SOFA PILLOWS.

Attractive Cushions That Look Cool and Inviting Even in Warm Weather.

The sofa cushion is always a matter of household importance, as much of the household comfort depends upon it. In summer it demands special consideration, because it should both look and be cool, and must be pleasing in appearance, and be of a nature that will launder easily, says the New York Tribune.

A pretty summer cushion cover is thus made: White linen crash is marked off into squares, of which every alternate one is embroidered in Italian cut work. This work is not as difficult as it looks. The linen is fastened in a frame or on a stiff paper, to give a firm working surface. Each square that is to be worked is filled with "weaving" and the various lace stitches and the borders of all the squares are finished with "binding stitch." The linen is then cut from under the embroidered squares.

The cushion is finished on the edges with insertion of heavy lace. One should always remember in "making up" a cushion that the down puff itself should measure two inches longer than the outer cover. These down pillows can be bought ready made, and one should order with this in mind. By having the under pillow larger the corners of the cover are forced full and the whole pillow is thus filled and so holds its shape, as it will not do if the cover is large.

When the embroidery on a cushion cover is soft and pliable the cover can readily be sewed to its lining wrong side out and turned, but if the embroidery is rich and likely to be damaged by such treatment, the proper way to make up the cushion is to sew both sides separately to the down pillow itself. Square the cover perfectly, turn the edges round all four sides and top, sew them lightly to the seam of the cushion. When this is in place turn the edges of the fabric which is to form the back and top, sew this to the seam first, meeting the two. Cover this edge with a cord.

HEALTH AND USEFULNESS.

They Go Together and One Is Largely the Result of the Other.

We have heard much lately about the increasing competitiveness of life, not only in the more or less barren countries of Europe but also in our own fertile country. The question has a number of phases, one of which we shall consider here, says the Boston Journal.

If you look at the sporting pages of the Journal to-day you will see reports of a multitude of athletic events. The schoolboy is enjoying himself in the baseball field and on the river; his brother may be a member of some college nine or a candidate for a crew; his sister is perhaps a member of a basket ball team; his father, in odd hours, goes out on the golf links or practices with the sturdy medicine-ball in the gymnasium, and it is not at all improbable that this same boy's mamma can swing a golf stick as vigorously and accurately as she once could swing the slipper that pursues disobedience.

So, if the struggle in this vale of tears is growing keener, it seems to us that a good many people are in constant active training for the struggle. There are exceptions to every rule, of course, but the chances of winning this ancient fight for a decent earthly existence are better with the man who takes care of his body than with the man who doesn't. Give us our health, and let the richest man in the union keep his hundreds of millions and his chronic indigestion. Good health is half the battle. It quickens the body and sweetens the mind; it promotes ambition; it lightens trouble, and it lengthens the years. Of all worldly possessions it is the chiefest, for the loss of it is what all men, the rich and the poor alike, most regret.

It is good, therefore, to become habituated to healthiness at an early age; and, barring accident, good health certainly is a matter of habits. Nor is there any reason why the playfulness of these habits should not be relished in manhood as well as in boyhood. Many a great man would have done twice as much for his day and generation if only he had been equal to a daily frolic.

Her Shrimp Salad.

A very young and very inexperienced matron—a well-known society woman of this borough—recently undertook to assume the entire management, even to the smallest detail, of her household affairs, and her directions to the servants are conveyed to them in writing. A few days ago, wishing to have some dainty dish for luncheon, she thought a nice shrimp salad would be the thing, and accordingly wrote her instructions to the cook to prepare the salad and for the purpose to order from the marketman "one small shrimp." The story leaked out, and it will be many days before she will be able to look into the eyes of any of her friends without seeing the small shrimp twinkling therein.—N. Y. Times.

Fruit Salad Dressing.

A sweet dressing for a fruit salad is made by boiling one-half cupful of sugar with one-quarter cupful of cold water until the sirup threads, then adding the unbeaten white of one egg and allowing the mixture to simmer for three minutes. Remove from the fire, add the juice of two oranges, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, one-half cupful of pineapple juice, and strain through a cloth.—N. Y. Post.

Frightened Off.

"So Ethel delivered her essay at the graduation exercises for over half an hour. Jack, who was in the audience, must have felt proud of her."

"Not at all. He shuddered at the possibility of being married to such a talker and immediately broke off the engagement."—Baltimore Herald.

Beef Pates.

Mince cold cooked beef, fat and lean, very fine; season with chopped onion, salt, pepper and a very little gravy. Half fill pattypans with this, and then fill them with mashed potato; put a bit of butter on each, brush with beaten egg and brown in the oven.—Detroit Free Press.

BEEF AND BANANAS.

Their Food Value Compared by Men of Science.

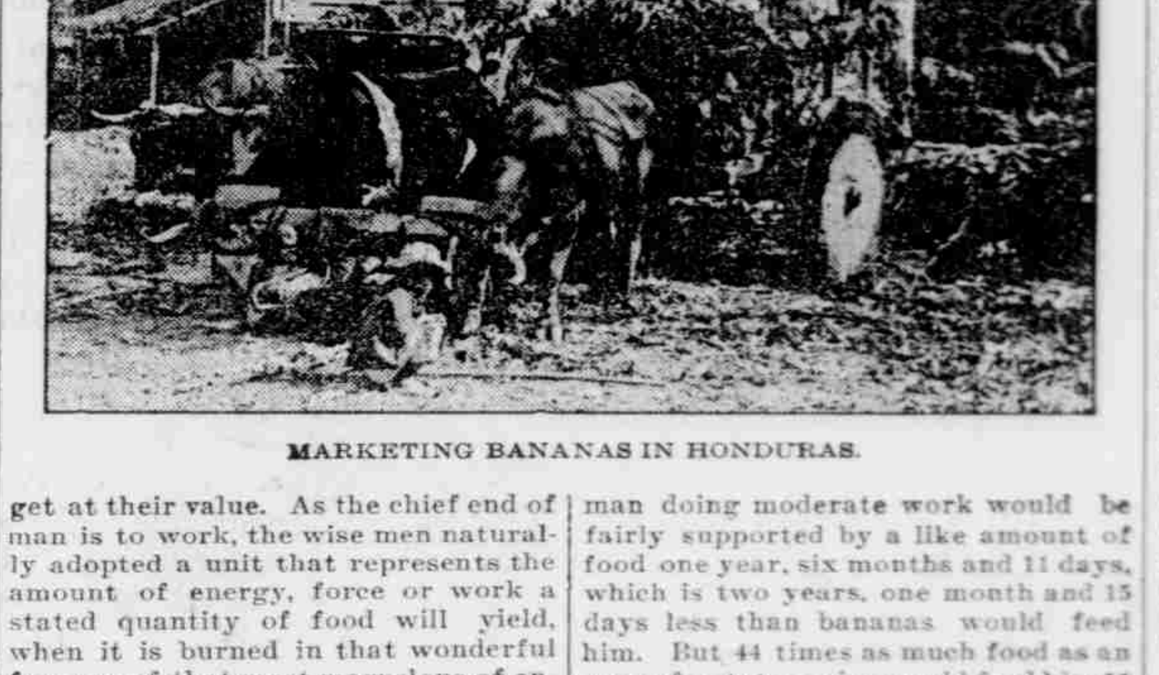
Meat Trust Cannot Be Downed by Eating Tropical Fruit Instead of Steak—Nutritive Properties of Vegetables.

[Special Correspondence.]

"IF YOU want to down the beef trust, don't eat meat. Eat bananas instead." So a Philadelphia daily soberly says that a dealer in fruit there advised, and asserted also that: "It may surprise you to know that the banana is the king-pin of the vegetable kingdom, so far as nutrition is concerned. It is 25 times as nutritious as wheat of the same weight, has 45 times the nutriment of potatoes and 30 times that of rice, the three staple vegetable products of the world. These figures are the result of scientific investigation."

That fruit dealer was probably quite right. Many will be surprised to learn that the banana has so much virtue. Such discovery will astound men who have made what they imagined were careful and thorough studies of the fruit and the tuber, and thought the two were nearly equal in food value. In fact, the results of a number of such studies show that, if the price of both bananas and potatoes were one cent a pound, a ton of potatoes would be worth about 14 cents more than would a ton of bananas, as food. I shall not take into account the difference in palatableness of the food, for as a rule savor in itself is not known to be especially nutritious.

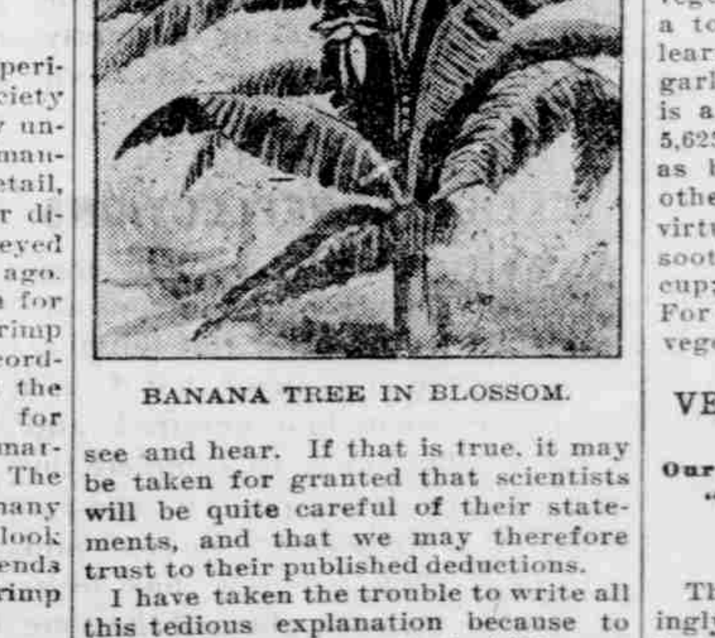
Studious men in several parts of the world, whose habit it is to dig up and show to the world the truth, the whole truth even to its minutest rootlet, have analyzed and weighed by wonderful devices the different parts of almost every food commonly used by man. Having learned a great deal about these things, those men agreed on a standard or unit by which to measure, weigh or count those parts, and thus



MARKETING BANANAS IN HONDURAS.

get at their value. As the chief end of man is to work, the wise men naturally adopted a unit that represents the amount of energy, force or work a stated quantity of food will yield, when it is burned in that wonderful furnace of that most marvelous of engines, the stomach of man.

That unit of measure of food values they agreed to make a calorie, as engineers have named their standard of energy a horsepower. A calorie is that quantity of heat or energy which would raise the temperature of a pound of water about four degrees Fahrenheit; or, to be more exact, of one kilogram of water one degree centigrade; or, in other words, to lift one ton 1.54 foot. By analysis, the scientists can learn very nearly the number of calories in any food. It has been said that as a rule these men are excessively jealous for their reputation for accuracy, and fancy that there may be, possibly, rivals who would be delighted to pounce upon, drag out and shake an error in public places, and perhaps even cry aloud about it, that all might



BANANA TREE IN BLOSSOM.

see and hear. If that is true, it may be taken for granted that scientists will be quite careful of their statements, and that we may therefore trust to their published deductions.

I have taken the trouble to write all this tedious explanation because to many people the term "calorie" is new, and because I wish to prejudice the jury so that it will accept, without too much explanation, the statements which are to follow. One of these is that the average man doing hard work requires each day about 4,450 calories of food; he who does moderate or ordinary work gets along on about 3,187 calories, while the men who do light work need but 2,572 calories to keep their steam up to good working pressure.

Now we can get back to the notion that the beef trust may be downed by eating bananas instead of beef. In a pound of beef are 944 calories, and in a pound of bananas there are 260; so, to get as much food out of the bananas as the beef gives, one must eat 3.63 pounds of the fruit. The average bunch of bananas has about 18 dozen fingers of 751 calories to the dozen. If bananas are worth 15 cents a dozen, beef should be worth 18.85 cents a pound. But if beef sells at 15 cents a pound, then bananas should cost no more than 11.8 cents a dozen to make matters even.

Potatoes have 81.6 parts of waste matter, including water, in 100; while bananas have 83.9 parts of waste, leaving only 17.4 pounds of food in 100 pounds of the fruit. A pound of bananas furnishes 260 calories; a pound of potatoes 295 calories. If bananas and potatoes were each priced at one cent a pound, the money value of a ton of potatoes would be 17.6 cents more than that of a ton of the fruit. Science seems to have failed this time to sustain the assertion of our fruit dealer. It seems to me safe to say that scientific investigation has not clearly shown that bananas have 45 times the nutriment possessed by potatoes.

A pound of whole-wheat our has 1,650 calories. This is 1,390 more than a pound of bananas affords. One would have to eat 6 1-3 pounds of bananas to get as much food as a pound of the flour furnishes. He who prefers to eat soda crackers instead of whole-wheat flour, can so get from a pound as much food as 7 2-5 pounds of bananas will give. Rice has about 6 1-3 times as much nutriment as have bananas.

Here again science appears to be not completely in accord with the Philadelphia authority.

Possibly he had in mind an assertion often credited to Humboldt, to the effect that an acre of bananas will yield as much food as will 44 acres of potatoes. Before accepting such statement as a guide in laying out a bill of fare, it may perchance be well to inquire whether, if Humboldt did say such a thing, he had in mind the product of an acre of a warm and fertile farm of Europe, or of one of Peru; whether he compared the fruit with the acrid little tuber of the Andes, unfit to eat before it has been frozen, or with the big, floury and sweet product of modern skill in farming.

The average yield of bananas is 288 bunches yearly to the acre. The average bunch weighs 52 pounds, which makes 14,970 pounds per acre. That would feed a man three years, four months and seven days, if he were doing moderate work. No wonder life goes easily in banana lands; or, that an eminent Mexican declares that the banana is an institution for the promotion of laziness.

In the years 1890 and 1900 an average of 82.2 bushels of potatoes per acre was obtained for each of those years. A man doing moderate work would be fairly supported by a like amount of food one year, six months and 11 days, which is two years, one month and 15 days less than bananas would feed him. But 44 times as much food as an acre of potatoes give would feed him 55 years.

Again disappointment awaits us, when we look into the statement that an acre of bananas will give us 25 times as much food as will an acre of wheat. To do that the fruit should support a man 30 years, four months and 19 days. It lacks some 27 years and 12 days of doing what has so often been claimed for it. Nor does "the result of scientific investigation" help us much more when we examine the claim that bananas give 30 times as much food as rice gives to the acre.

That we may see at a glance precisely how bananas do compare with the more common of other foods, let us put them side by side on a table, and show the average annual yield per acre, the actual food value, and the number of days each will support a man doing moderate muscular work; thus:

Crops.	Pounds.	Calories.	Days' Food.
Bananas	14,976	3,893,760	1221.7
Potatoes	4,933	1,455,117	456.6
Corn	1,417	2,316,468	726.8
Sugar	1,096	1,918,577	602.0
Wheat	900	1,485,000	465.9
Rice	797	1,291,140	405.1

Bananas may be the "king-pin of the vegetable world," but those who have a tooth for sweeties may be glad to learn that while that fruit has a beggarly 260 calories to the pound there is a delightful confection which has 5,625, or more than 20 times as much as bananas, and more than has any other food easily found. Great is the virtue of chocolate. Long may it soothe and sustain from the breakfast cup; long may it fill the bonbon box. For it and it alone is the kingpin of the vegetable kingdom. PAUL BITT.

VERSATILITY OF AMERICA.

Our Artists Paint "Old Masters" and "Imported" Soap, Wines, Etc., Are Made at Home.

There are some articles which seemingly cannot be produced in America, but we must remember that "Things are not always what they seem, skim milk masquerades as cream," as Gilbert says. We are told that there are artists here in New York, who are making a good living painting some of "the old masters," which bring large prices at auction. Imported wines are now made in California, the labels alone being French. It is a very common-place soap factory that cannot turn out Castile soap, and Maine herring are shipped to France, and returned as French sardines, says "Vest Pocket Confidences," in Four-Track News. Up in northern New York they are making all manner of imported cheese, and down in Kentucky they are turning out many successful brands of Scotch whisky. Nor does this Yankee ingenuity cease in its endeavors to supply the demand for foreign goods, for western manufacturers are making maple sugar from ingredients that never came within the shadow of a maple tree, and are actually buying Vermont newspapers in which to wrap the cakes so that the unsuspecting purchaser will think he is buying genuine Green Mountain maple sugar. The land of wooden nutmegs is no longer a curiosity.

PITH AND POINT.

To obtain confidence it is often necessary to confide.—Chicago Journal.

People who are not honest themselves expect it of others.—Atchison Globe.

Carlos—"You say he is the black sheep of the family?" Santos—"Yes, he has never yet been president."—N. Y. Sun.

Most busy men find a blotter chiefly valuable as a thing to occupy their minds as they hunt for it while the writing dries.—Indianapolis News.

Visitor (to little Freddie)—"Let's see what you have learned in your school. Now, can you tell me the difference between B and C?" Freddy—"Thath's eathy. A bee ith a insect, an' a thea ith full of water."—N. Y. Times.

Crabbe—"To-day for the first time I was really delighted to hear Miss Nexdore's piano going." Ascum—"Something worth listening to, eh?" Crabbe—"I should say. I heard the installment men taking it away."—Philadelphia Press.

"I only want peace," said the noisy little bird of the street, "and I'll even fight for it." "Isn't that rather sparrowdoxical?" said the owl. As this was the solemn bird's first attempt, it is here presented for illustration by the funny papers.—Indianapolis News.

Jenks—"I should think you humorists would get lots of funny squibs out of the new plan to exterminate the mosquitoes." Hugh Morist—"Not much. It's really serious. If the plan succeeds, as it promises to, what on earth will we have to joke about in the summer time?"—Philadelphia Record.

PUGNACITY OF QUAILS.

Combats Between the Males Easily Provoked and Many Unseen Battles Are Fought.

The cock quail, like other feathered males, is more pugnacious in the spring than at other seasons and just now his fighting ardor is at its height. There is no time of the year, however, during which he may not be excited to battle, says the New York Sun.

Even when the snow lies six inches deep and how to get sufficient food is a problem, the cocks of a bevy often engage for very slight cause. Not many of these combats are seen by men, because the quail is a most secretive bird and bevies are, comparatively speaking, rarely in evidence.

The fighting note of the quail is a low hissing whisper, high pitched and sibilant, that is perfectly audible 30 yards away. If a man walking through the undergrowth on a sunny hillside kept his ears open to all the sounds of nature, he would sometimes hear this hissing and then by bending a still more attentive ear he would hear the rustling of wings and the thuds of little bodies coming into contact as well as the cheeping of the frightened hens.

There are occasions when a madness of fighting appears to be contagious and to spread from the males engaged to other males of the bevy. Just as in old London the seconds to a pair of duellists thought it incumbent upon them to fight though they had no quarrel, so the male quails, rendered furious by the shocks of combat, pitch into each other with a will and one bevy may furnish five or six simultaneous battles.

These affairs are never more serious in ending than a broken wing or an eye picked out, because the vanquished has always the option of flight and takes it, being not so brave that the element of caution is totally lacking. Once the conquered one has dropped his craven wing and speeded to tall timber the victor struts about, hops two feet in air and gives every possible sign of satisfaction with himself, his actions being duplicates in miniature of the parading of a gamecock above the prostrate form of his foe. He would crow if he could.

Quails wandering through stubble or thicket in autumn or winter may be induced to pitch into each other by a man hiding near and imitating their fighting call with correctness. They first look about to discern whence the noise comes, then conclude that it comes from the rooster nearest to them and the battle is on.

In the spring, however, no such incentive is needed. Every bevy contains one or two females which, from youth or superior sleekness or plumpness, the males esteem most highly and they fight for them pretty bravely. The strongest takes his choice, the next strongest follows, and so the matter proceeds. It is satisfactory to know that every Jill gets her Jack before the mating season ends, but some undergo a period of weary waiting.

His "Gorge."

Not only is slang a menace to him who would speak good English, says a New England minister, but a knowledge of it prepares many pitfalls for the feet of the unwisely wise.

He tells, as a case in point, of a conversation he overheard between his son, aged 12, and his daughter, aged 16. The family had spent the autumn in the White mountains, and the two young people were exchanging reminiscences.

"O Fred," said the girl, with clasped hands, "do you remember that gorge in Jefferson?"

"Remember it! I should think I did!" said the boy, with enthusiasm. "You mean the day we got there? It seemed to me it was the best dinner I ever ate in my life, I was so hungry!"—Youth's Companion.

Voices of the Night.

"Henry!"

"Yes, my love."

"Are you locking up?"

"Yes, my love."

"See that the pantry window is closed."

"Yes, my love."

"And put out the cat."

"Yes, my love."

"And bring in the doormat."

"Yes, my love."

"And, Henry, I really think you'd better sit up to-night and watch the refrigerator. We won't have a whole steak in it again very soon. Good night."

"Good night, my love."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Convincing Proof.

May—I had no idea before last night that Mr. Pilcher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideas.

Maud—How did you come to find it out.

"He proposed to me."—Harper's Bazar.

WORK OF POLICE DOGS.

Canines in the City of Ghent, Belgium, Are Trained to Capture Thieves Without Biting.

The recent discontinuance by the Marquette prison authorities of the use of bloodhounds in trailing escaped prisoners was due, no doubt, to the sentiment against methods that are regarded as relics of slavery days. Those persons, however, who have given the subject careful study and investigation, contend that there is nothing inhuman or brutal in hunting down fugitives with properly trained police dogs, which, when educated to their work and securely muzzled so that they can do no harm to their game when captured, have proved invaluable for the purpose. In this connection the system of training man-hunting animals in Ghent, Belgium, will make interesting reading, says the Detroit Free Press.

Bloodhounds have long been used to trace fugitives, and individual policemen in different cities have used dogs to "smell out" drunks on their beats, but Chief von Wesemail, of Ghent, Belgium, is probably the first authority to systematically train dogs for police work.

Ghent is a city of some 200,000 inhabitants, a great manufacturing center and, as always in such cases, is at times overrun with undesirable elements. The more prosperous citizens of that beautiful town live in suburbs in villas surrounded by gardens, and the protection of these suburbs from thieves had always been Chief von Wesemail's great trouble. Try as he and his men would, he could not prevent burglaries. Finally he became possessed of the idea to secure trained dogs for this service, and since the introduction of the "police dog" burglaries have fallen off fully two-thirds.

The education and training of these dogs is full of difficulties, and can only be accomplished with the greatest patience. Harsh treatment, especially the whip, will not help, but hinder this process of learning. He must be taught to find tramps and thieves, to attack them and prevent their flight without injuring the prisoner.

His first lessons are taught him with the aid of a stuffed body. This dummy is brought in the position of a man crouching down as if hiding. Soon the dog will learn that he is expected to attack him; he learns to see an enemy in the crouching figure, and now comes the hard task of teaching him not to bite. In the further course of training he is taught to throw down a man by simply jumping at him and holding him on the ground.

After the lessons with the dummy figure, the training begins on a living model, and that is generally at first the trainer himself. The dog is, however, securely muzzled for the first few weeks and in about four months he may be taken out "on the beat."

The dogs are extremely well kept and fed, and on duty always wear a wire muzzle and stout leather collar, studded with sharp nails, which makes it impossible to grab the animal by the throat to choke him. Promptly at ten in the evening he goes to work, and long before the time there is a joyful barking among the canines, in anticipation of the work before them. The dogs are attached to certain officers, with whom they make the rounds. As soon as the suburban districts are reached the officer frees him from the restraining chain and he begins a systematic search of the gardens surrounding the residences. Every hedge, bits of shrubbery, dark corners—in fact, any place where a human being might be able to hide—is carefully searched by the faithful animal, and woe to the stranger found! The cases where an innocent person was "held up" by one of these police dogs are indeed very rare. At six in the morning his day's—or, rather, night's—work is finished.

The results from the use of these dogs were so gratifying after the first few months that the authorities of Ghent decided on a larger appropriation for the training of more animals. The entire expense of keeping the dogs amounts to no more than 1,200 francs—about $200—a year, while the value of their services can hardly be estimated in money. The fact is, however, that burglaries decreased over 60 per cent. since their introduction.

Relics of Charles I.

Of few men are relics preserved with such religious care as those of Charles I. Probably the largest collection is that preserved at Ashburnham Place, the seat of the earl of Ashburnham, consisting of the shirt with ruffled wrists (on which are a few faint traces of blood) in which he was beheaded, his white silk drawers, the sheet that was thrown over the body after execution, and a watch that was in his pocket at the time of his death. In 1743 Hon. Bertram Ashburnham bequeathed these relics to the parish clerk of Ashburnham, and for a long time they were carefully kept in a glass case in the chancel of Ashburnham church. Many persons suffering from the king's evil resorted, even in the nineteenth century, to these relics for the cure of the disease.—London Chronicle.

Buy Their Wives.

Wives are still obtained by purchase in parts of Russian Europe. In the district of Kamyschin, on the Volga, for example, this is practically the only way in which marriages are brought about. The price of a pretty girl from a well-to-do family ranges from $50 to $100, and in special cases a much higher sum is obtained. In the villages the lowest price is about $25. It is customary for the fathers of the intending bride and bridegroom to haggle for a long time over the price to be paid for the lady. A young farmer whose father cannot afford to pay for a wife for him need not think of getting married.—London Mail.

Bobby's Example.

Bobby—Papa, what does heredity mean?

Fond Parent—It means, Bobby, something that goes from parent to child. Now see if you can give me an example of something that is hereditary.

"Measles, I got 'em from mother."—Town and Country.

Strange.

Customer—Is the proprietor in? I want to get some screen doors.

Clerk—He's in, but he's out o' doors.—Philadelphia Press.